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ALL KINDS OF

BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch

AT THE

OXFORD DEMOCRAT OFFICE

CHARLES R. ELDER,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

30 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

Special rates to Attorneys having business or claims for collection in Boston and vicinity.

J. A. TWIDDLE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

BETHLEHEM, ME.

Office over Kimball's store.

Office of Diseases of the lungs and heart a specialty.

G. H. HARTLOW,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Jan 1, 77 DIXFIELD, ME.

A. S. TWITCHELL, ALFRED R. EVANS,

Commissioners for New Hampshire, Society Public

TWITCHELL & EVANS,

GORHAM, N. H.

Will attend to practice in the Courts of N. H., and New Hampshire.

E. NOCH FOSTER, JR.,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan 1, 77 BETHLEHEM, ME.

R. H. HUTCHINS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan 1, 77 BETHLEHEM, ME.

SETH W. FIFE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

FRYEBURG, ME.

Commissioner for New Hampshire, Jan 1, 77

G. D. BIRBE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan 1, 77 BUCKFIELD, OXFORD CO. 3 ME.

F. W. RIVLON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

KEAR FALLS, ME.

Will practice in Oxford and York Cos. Jan 1, 77

JAMES S. WRIGHT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

PARIS, ME.

Collections promptly made. Also, special attention given to business in Probate Court. 11-77

O. K. YATES, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

WEST PARIS, ME.

Office at residence, west side of river. 11-77

O. N. BRADLEY, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

NORWAY, ME.

Residence and Office at the house lately occupied by Dr. Peabody. Jan 1, 76 11-77

I. BROWN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Office at residence, first house above Congregational Church. Jan 1, 77

MAINE HIGIENIC INSTITUTE,

Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.

WATERFORD, ME.

W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D., Superintendent of the Maine Hygienic Institute, and all other medical and surgical cases. 11-77

WILLIAM BOUGLASS,

Deputy Sheriff for Oxford & Cumberland Cos.

WATERFORD, ME.

All precepts by mail will receive prompt attention. Jan 1, 77

JAMES W. CHILMAN,

DEPUTY SHERIFF & CORONER,

KEAR FALLS, ME.

Business by mail promptly attended to. 11-77

D. H. G. P. JONES,

DENTIST,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanized Rubber. Jan 1, 77

D. R. C. R. DAVIS,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Will be at DIXFIELD the fourth Monday in every month, and remain five days. Jan 1, 77

F. GREEN, M. D.,

Homeopathic Physician & Surgeon

NORWAY, ME.

Dr. G. refers to any of the leading Homeopathic physicians in Maine or Massachusetts. 11-77

W. O. DOUGLASS,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

PARIS HILL, MAINE.

All business by mail or otherwise will be attended to promptly. 11-77

FREELAND BOWE,

INSURANCE AGENT,

NORWAY, ME.

Risks effected in all the leading Companies at favorable rates. Feb 15 77 11-77

Selected Story.

TEN MINUTES LATE.

In '62 there wasn't a likelier fellow on the line than George Kirke.

He was the son of a poor man, and his mother was dead. His father was a confirmed invalid of the rheumatic order, and George played the dutiful son to him in a way that would astonish the young men of to-day.

Somewhat, nobody knew exactly how. George had managed to pick up a good education, and he had polished it off, so to speak, by a two year's course at a commercial college.

Kirke began on the Stony Hill Railroad when he was about twenty-one or twenty-two years old. First, he was a brakeman. This railway business is a regular succession, and, generally speaking, a man has to work his way up. It isn't often that he works his way up to the dignity of conductor at one step, with the chance to pocket ten cent scrips, and with the privilege of helping all the good-looking and well-dressed young ladies out of the cars, and letting the homely ones, with babies and bandboxes in their arms, stumble out as best they may.

George did his duty so well that he was soon promoted to fireman, and after he had learned the workings of the machine, he was made engineer and given an engine.

The engine was one of the newest and best on the line, and was called the Fly-away, and George was very proud of her, you may well believe.

I tell you, sir, your true engineer—one that is out and out for the business, and feels his responsibility—takes as much pride in his engine as the jockey does in his favorite race horse, and would sit up nights, or neglect his sweetheart, to keep the brasses and flagpoles of his machine, so's you could see your face in 'em.

There was another man wanted George's chance. There's generally more than one after every paying job.

Jack Halliday had been waiting some time to be engineer of the Fly-away, and when he first it he was mad enough to pull hair. He was a brackman, likewise, and had been on the road two years longer than Kirke, and it would seem that the chance really belonged to him, yet he was a quarrelsome, disagreeable fellow, with independence enough to have set an Emperor up in business, and still have some left.

When Jack realized that George had got the inside track of him, his anger was at a white heat. He cursed Kirke, and cursed the company, and old Whately, the Superintendent, and things generally, until it seemed a pity there was not something else to curse, he was in such line cursing order.

There was more than one thing which made Jack Halliday down on George Kirke. George had been his rival in many respects, and particularly where the latter creation was concerned.

George was a great favorite with the girls, for he was handsome and generous, and good-natured, and Jack was sarcastic, and always on the contrary side, and the girls avoided him as they always should such a man.

We always expected that ill would come to George from Jack's bad blood against him, and we warned him more than once, but he always laughed, and reminded us of the old saw that "barking dogs seldom bite," which is true in the main.

And, as the time went on, until two, three, four months had passed since Kirke's promotion, and nothing had occurred, we forgot all about our apprehensions of evil, and if we thought of the matter at all, we thought we had wronged Halliday by our suspicions.

It was a dark night in November, with considerable fog in the air, and strong appearances of rain.

I was at Golosha, the northern terminus of the road, looking after some repairs on a defective boiler, and I was going down to New York on the 7.50 train—Kirke's train.

About seven there came a telegram from old Whately, whose summer residence was nearly midway between Golosha and New York; and the old headman had not yet forsaken it for the city. The telegraph operator came into the house where Kirke was at work—for he was always at work—and read it to him. Kirke made a note of it in his pocket-book.

"Pay train on the line. Will meet you just west of Leeds at 10.15. Shunt on to the siding at Deering's Cut, and wait."

WHATELY.

Kirke's watch hung on a nail beside the clock. It was a fancy of his always to hang it there when he was off the train, so that he could make no mistake in the time.

He glanced at the clock and from it to his watch. Both indicated the same hour—7.15.

"7.15," said Kirke meditatively, "and we leave at 7.50, and the pay train meets us at Deering's Cut at 10.15. Scant time to make the run in this thick weather, but it must be managed."

And he turned away to give some brief orders to the fireman.

Jack Halliday was there—he had been strolling in and out of the room for the past half hour, smoking a cigar and swearing at the bad weather. His train

did not leave till near midnight, so he had plenty of time to swear.

We all went to the door and took a look at the weather, and unanimously voted it deuced bad, and then we walked up and down the platform and smoked our after-supper cigars, and by the time we were through it was time for the train hands to be getting into their places.

Both the clock in the engine-room and Kirke's watch indicated 7.15.

Kirke was putting his watch in his pocket as he said:—

"Garth, are you going with me on the Fly-away?"

"No, thank you," said I. "I got enough of that sort of thing in my every-day life. I am going to do a little swell business to-night, and take passage in the palace car. Want to rest my back."

Good night to you, and hold her in well round Rocky Bottom curve. The road's a little shaky."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded Kirke, and swung himself to his position on the Fly-away.

The bell rang. I scrambled to my compartment in the Pullman, and felt horribly out of place among the silks and broadcloths and smells of musk. But I was in for "first-class," and made the best of it so effectually that five minutes after Gibson, who fancies he owns all creation because he has got a silver cuff-plate on his breast with "Conductor" on it, had shouted "All aboard!" I was sound asleep.

What occurred in other quarters to affect the fate of Kirke's train, I learned at earward.

Old Whately, the superintendent of the road, as I guess I have already said, had a country residence at Leeds, on a mountain spur, which commands a view of the surrounding country for more than a score of miles. The line of the railway could be distinctly seen in each direction fifteen miles, and Whately was wont to say his lookout was worth more to the safety of trains than all the telegraph wires on the line.

Whately was a rich old buffer, kind enough in his way, but sharp as a ferret in looking after the road hands, and determined that every man should do his duty.

He had but one child, a daughter; and Floss Whately was the belle of the country. She was brave, beautiful and spirited, and more than once, when her father had been away, had she assumed the responsibility of directing the trains, and she had always acquitted herself with credit.

Old Whately was very proud of her, as he had a right to be, and he kept all the young fellows at a distance, until it was said that he intended to keep his daughter single till the Czar of Russia came on to marry her.

This night in November, old Whately and Floss were out on the piazza of their country home, peering through the gloom for the Golosha train, which was nearly due.

"It's very strange it doesn't come in sight!" said Whately, laying down his night glass in disgust. "It's hard on to ten now! They ought to show their light around Spruce pond by this time!"

"You telegraphed them, father? You let them know the pay train was on the road?" asked Floss.

"To be sure. And, good Heavens! there is the head light of the pay train now! See! not ten miles away and running like the deuce, as it always does!"

He pointed with trembling finger down to the valley gorge, where, far away, a mere speck in the gloom, could be seen a light, scarcely moving it seemed, but those anxious watchers knew it was approaching at lightning speed.

Father and daughter looked at each other.

The truth was evident. For some reason the train from Golosha was ten minutes behind time, and it would not reach the siding at Deering's Cut until the pay train had passed beyond on to the single track! And then? Why, to read under the head of "Appalling Railroad Disaster!" and a few more homes would be rendered desolate, and a few more hearts would be made to mourn.

Father and daughter looked at each other in dismay.

"Is there time?" asked the old man, tremblingly.

"Selim can do it," said Floss, quickly.

"If I can reach Leeds five minutes before the train—yes, two minutes—all will be well. Do not stop me, father!" as he laid a hand on her arm.

"But you must not go! It is dark and dimly lonely! No, Floss!"

"I shall go, father! Selim knows only me, and you could not ride him. I have ridden darker nights. And he is the only horse in the stable! Don't you remember, the others were sent to town yesterday?"

Before old Whately could stop her, she had ordered the hostler to saddle Selim, and she was already buttoning on her riding habit with rapid, nervous fingers.

The horse came pawing to the door. Floss sprang into the saddle, leaped down, and kissed her father's forehead.

"Pray Heaven to speed me!" she cried hoarsely, and, touching her horse with her whip, he bounded down the sharp declivity.

It was raining steadily now, and the gloom was intense, but Selim was used to the road, and he was sure-footed and his rider courageous. She urged him on at the top of his speed, up hill and down, through Pine Valley and over Pulpit

Hill, and then she struck upon the smooth road which stretched away to Leeds, two miles, as straight as an arrow.

She could see the head light on the pay train far down the valley, distinctly now, and to her excited fancy it seemed but a stone's throw away. She even thought for a moment that she heard the grind of the wheels on the iron track, but no! it was only the sighing of the wind in the pines.

Oa, and still on she went. Selim seemed to fly. One might have fancied that he knew his mistress was on an errand of life and death. The lights of the station were in view—nay, she even saw the station-master's white lantern which was to signal the approaching train—to tell them to go on, for all was well,—on to their doom.

She dashed across the railway track, flung the reins to an amazed bystander, and, striking the white lantern from the hand of the astonished official, she seized the ominous red lantern from his hook, and springing upon the track, waved it in the very teeth of the coming train.

Two sharp, short whistles told her that her signal was seen, and a moment later the train came to a stop, and the officers rushed out to learn what it all meant.

Floss told them in a few brief words, and one of them at the station went forward to confer with the train from Golosha, which had not yet been telegraphed from the next station beyond.

The man waited fifteen minutes before Kirke's train slid on to the siding, and it was then known that but for the decision of one young girl, the two trains must have collided four miles beyond Deering's Cut.

When told the story Kirke looked at his watch.

The man from the station looked at his watch.

Kirke's was ten minutes behind time! You want to know how it happened. Certainly you must have guessed. Halliday did it. A man was found the next day who confessed to having seen Jack tampering with the time-pieces in the engine-house that night, but he had thought nothing of it, he said.

Jack? Oh, he left town and was last heard of in Australia. His little game was not a success.

A few months later Kirke was married to Floss Whately, for being ten minutes behind time.

Parson's Wonderful Memory.

Richard Parson had a remarkable memory. Being one day in the shop of Priestly, the bookseller, a gentleman came in and asked for a particular edition of Demosthenes. Priestly did not possess it, and as the gentleman seemed a good deal disappointed, Parson inquired if he wanted to consult any particular page.

The gentleman mentioned a quotation of which he was in search, when Parson opened the Aldine edition of Demosthenes, and after turning over a few leaves, put his finger on the passage. On another occasion he happened to be in a stage-coach; presently there entered into it a young graduate with two ladies. This gentleman endeavored to make himself seem very learned; presently quoting a Greek passage, which he said was from Euripides. The Greek scholar, who was dozing at the other end of the coach, awoke at the familiar sounds, and drawing a copy of Euripides from the folds of his cloak, politely asked him to favor him with the passage. The student could not; and the ladies began to titter. Reddening, the youth said that on second thoughts, the passage, he was sure, was in Sophocles. Parson thereupon produced a copy of Sophocles, and again asked him to favor him with the passage. The undergraduate again failed; the ladies tittered greatly. "Catch me!" said he, "if ever I quote Greek in a coach again." Stung by the laughter of his fellow passengers, he said: "I recollect now, sir; I perfectly recollect that the passage is in Æschylus." His inexorable tormentor, diving again in the capacious folds of his cloak, produced a copy of Æschylus, and again asked him to favor him with the passage. The boiling point was now reached. "Stop! stop!" shouted he to the coachman. "Let me out! There is a man inside who has got the whole Bodeian library in his pocket!" On another occasion, calling upon a friend, Parson found him reading Thucydides. Being asked casually the meaning of some word, he immediately repeated the context. "But how do you know that it was this passage that I was reading?" asked his friend. "Because," replied Parson, "the word only occurs twice in Thucydides—once on the right-hand page in the edition which you are now using, and once on the left. I observed on which side you looked, and accordingly I knew to which passage you referred."

DEBTS OF HONOR.—The famous Paul Jones, having resolved to pay his debts first discharged those which he deemed debts of honor. An artisan, who was one of his creditors, called on him and presented his bill. "I have no money just now, my friend—I have no money just now, my friend," said he, "but, sir, I know that you paid away fifty pounds this morning, and that you have still some left." "Oh! that was a debt of honor," said he, "and, so saying, the man threw his account into the fire. Paul paid the debt through Pine Valley and over Pulpit

THE HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. E. G. DEXBY.

Directions for Cooking Chickens.

To FRICASSEE CHICKEN.—Boil the chickens until tender in just enough water to cover them. An onion added is an improvement. Take the chickens from the pot, carve them, dip each piece in flour, and fry a light brown in pork fat. Thicken the chicken broth, strain and pour over the chickens in the dish in which they are served. Or, take part of the liquor in which the chickens were boiled, rub a spoonful of butter and a spoonful of flour together, and stir into the broth as it boils; add salt and a gill of milk. Lay in the chicken and stew twenty minutes. Serve on toast. Parsley cut fine is an improvement.

CHICKEN PIE.—Joint and boil one or two chickens, according to the size you desire your pie. In just enough salted water to cover them, and simmer slowly for half an hour. Line a dish with raised crust,—the crust of potato crust, then put in your chicken, salt and pepper, and dredge on flour. Some people slice potatoes very thin, and add an onion partly boiled. Cover with a light, thick crust, with a slit made in it. Bake about an hour. Veal pie is made in the same way.

ROAST CHICKEN.—Young fowls have a tender skin and smooth legs—yellow legs are best. The breast bone is sharp, and yields to pressure when young. Make a stuffing and fill both the breast and the body. Tie the wings and legs and put in the pan with a little water. It must roast slowly and be often basted with butter. Basting makes it juicy. Dredge on flour towards the last and salt. Take the gibbards for gravy, boil them, and chop them up; season and use the liquor they are boiled in for the gravy, thicken with flour and a little butter, or a little of the gravy from the roaster. Turkey is roasted in the same way as chickens.

TURKEY AND CHICKEN BOILED OR STEAMED.—Stuff with a dressing of bread, butter, salt, pepper and minced parsley, or with oysters. Flour a cloth and sew around it. Boil forty minutes and then set off the kettle and let it stand, closely covered half an hour longer. The steam will finish the cooking. To be eaten with drawn butter and oysters. Or place the fowl in a steamer over a kettle of boiling water and steam till tender.

BROILED CHICKENS.—Cut them open through the back, take out the innards, wash and wipe them dry; place the inside down on the gridiron. Great care must be taken that they do not burn, and do them very slowly. It is best to trim off the fat. About twenty-five minutes will do them.

First Things.

Envelopes were first used in 1539.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first air pump was made in 1650.

